UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

TO A MIST.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

Gentle mist! am I spirit stealing
On the south wind's rapid wing,
To my pure thy form revealing,
Through a silver-mantled ring?

Now thou'rt on and on and on receding,
From the dreaming, reeling plain;—
Oh! the lute the day-beam greeting—
When will this cease again?

Through the viewless ether wending,
Fade away thy changing folds;
Where the rosy and heaven are blending,
And the last his circuit holds.

Anon they're rolling bright and brighter,
In the morning's dazzling sun;
Now they're soaring light and lighter,
O'er thy oath, thy crystal ocean.

Now the cloud thy form is sinding—
Faint and fainter waxes thy hue;
Now thy glow is gently fading,
Through the deep, and boundless blue

Rising, hovering, waning, dying,
On the disk of rose-deep sky;
From my wand'ring vision flying,
Evidless thou, of things that die.

O'er you verge, slow disappearing,
Thou, with voice and tone art vile,—
O'er you lonely mountain peering,
Emblem art, of human life.

Then, the blaze of glory pasture,
Which the brightest in the sky,
Is a cenotaph, when dim thou fleetest,
O'er the rolling hills away.

Then my days are swiftly wandering,
Tending to one lonely shore;
Tellest thou where hearts are slumbering,—
Where the glow of Spring is o'er,

Or yon mountain frontier spurned,
Bankers then a moment's time,
Speak the rude world's breath advancing,
Blame thee in thy glory's prime.

O'er the past thy rag is falling,
Mingling with the distance when;
How unending, unregarding,
Airy mist, thou fadest quite.

Original Tales.

PRETENSION;

OR,

The Plausible Exterior Exposed.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

CHAPTER I.

It was a fair morning in the month of November, when Harriet Fairman and Sarah Seaton were emulating their promenade and retorting home, that they passed a gentleman whose handsome and prepossessing appearance attracted their attention. When fully out of his hearing, Harriet exclaimed,

"That's a lucky gentleman, Sarah. Did you not notice how gallantly he bore himself?"

"Yes, I did so," answered Sarah, evidently lightly pleased, "and he seemed to scrutinize us as closely as we did him. I thought he was going to say or speak to us, for he looked at us as though he had some knowledge of us already. I'll warrant he's a naval officer, or some great gentleman, or a lord just from England."

"He's no common or unfashionable person, I'm sure of that. Really, I wish we were acquainted."

"What! in love with him so quick! Well, you are so formed as easily to be won. I feel as Charlton he was my choice. But it is almost dinner time. Let us hurry home."

While these and other things, Harriet had involuntarily turned her head to look after the handsome stranger, but as suddenly withdrew her eyes when she found that he was as intently gazing backward on them.

That is curious," thought Harriet to herself, and wished making any reply to her companion's allusion, except in a manner understood "ha! ha!" signifying that she understood it, quite as well as herself. She looked as much an object of pleasantry among his brother merchants, as of polley in closing their transactions with them. When the sale was finished, the bargain was made, if not, it could not be again opened, even at an advance. This would be Mr. Fairman's usual of his own judgment, and in that case he was more frequently the loser than the gainer. Still he continued in trade, and was, upon the whole, both shrewd and fortunate. But who did Mr. Fairman consult so often? At his counting-room might have seen him, at the age of sixty-five years, early and late, a bachelor clerk, about his own age, busy turning over the leaves of day-book and ledger? He was the person with his pen behind his ear, to whom all looked with deference, both in the absence and the presence of the principal. This was Mr. Herman Gramp, whose influence was felt in all that related to Mr. Fairman's concerns. He was his old store-master, and it was he who sent him as chief ship officer on his first voyage from a port of England to the shores of America, where he had taken up his abode in the then largest commercial city in the United States, giving his consent in charge to his first mate, Mr. Gramp. Not long, however, did Gramp continue to traverse the high seas, for a growing business and a matrimonial connection on shore, led Mr. Fairman to invite him to his counting-house as adviser and chief clerk, which was accepted by his former fellow mariner, and they had thus grown old, but not alike rich, together in the land of their adoption; for Mr. Fairman always seemed to keep an especial eye in the profits of his operations, no matter under whose vigilance and counsel he prospered. With Gramp it was otherwise. What was left over his expenses out of his salary, which was not large, he permitted to lie on interest, but, being liberal and kind-hearted, and not of the thrifty sort, he more often involved it in unpaid relief where he thought it was most needed. Of the two, Gramp was the brighter man. His mind was like a plated dessert, broken occasionally by an abrupt or accretion bend in its current, while Fairman's, though not deep, was like a narrow mountain stream, quite narrow in its channel, yet disposed to bear in its way every kind of floatable material with which it met. When consulted upon any subject by the latter, Gramp would give his opinions upon the facts. If to the three was objection made by the retired, Gramp would supply reply by uttering the expressive monosyllable "Faugh!" and, without further debate, immediately proceed to the next most important matter in hand. By the acceptance of such advice, or the meaning conveyed by this monitory term, Mr. Fairman never found himself the loser. Thus had these two friends jogged on up to the period of which we write.

Mr. Fairman loved his daughter Harriet most tenderly, and as became a parent, and had formed certain fastidious notions of a matrimonial alliance for her, which the youth and ardent temperament might readily be excused for entertaining, as both preferable and practicable. At the death of Mr. Fairman, Harriet had the highest veneration for a titled nobility, and the whole paraphernalia of royalty, and he thought her daughter could be but in the levelling country for Harriet, why wealth could; but as for her marrying a plain, industrious, intelligent man, merely, "Oh, that was impossible."

Sarah Seaton, the friend and companion of Harriet, was the only daughter of a widow, whose business was broker, had brought him competency, and had he been disposed to retirement, the world would have thought him justified in indulging for leaving the scenes of speculation in which his mind had been so long engaged, but he preferred the excitement of getting more, to the certainty of using in quietude the interest on what he already possessed. He had, in his own peculiar marriage projects for his own dear domestic idol, Sarah, in whose welfare his fortune and ambition for the present and future were centered.

Under these auspices, it will readily be observed, that Sarah and Harriet had every advantage of fashionable entrance for each, and every disposition to indulge them, could bestow. They were both accomplished, at least in the estimation of their mothers, and determined were their mothers in having their children fashionably educated, and fashionably introduced into life, that no means were spared to vested their seeing, while they were doing so much, where they had done too little. It is a fault of parents, and one that takes root in rule in acquiring what is merely ornamental to the neglect of what is truly excellent. Example, precept and practice, are the three per present modes of education, and where rigid authority is not somewhere invoked to enforce the entire union of the three, it is left to the confident in a line from which it may not deviate into the mazes of folly. With Harriet and Sarah, the attention was paid to the former's characters might each have attained a higher point than was obvious to the scrutinizing eye of a great gentleman, or a lord just from England.

Having, the next day after the promenade in which they were introduced to the reader, the fashionable kind-hearted friends of the Hon. Elizabeth Alonzo Charlton, so called, were escorted in easy carriages to the residence of the latter's acquaintance. When they entered the apartment in which the company were assembled, it was at an hour at which but few who had received cards found it convenient to attend, had not arrived. There was one, however, whose presence was considered of the highest importance to the hostess, the Count Valmont de Mr. Charlton, who was still absent. Who he was, the reader may yet learn. Harriet and Sarah, on being announced, were received in their most intimate acquaintance, among the female portion of whom none looked more beautiful than the two themselves. Harriet, in her personal appearance, was a splendid girl. Though in form, neither large nor tall, she was elegantly and gracefully proportioned, and, when standing, might be better compared to Juno than Venus. Her hair was black, and appeared naturally to ringlets on a fine, fine features. Her eyes and eye-brows, were of the same glossy jet. Her nose, though not of the Grecian order, was of the Roman cast. The sentiment of her face were rather round than oval, generally mild in expression, never assuming that of a graceful and elongated Moorish, sparkled with good nature, and girlish gaiety, over which twenty summers had not yet spread a darkening shadow. She had all had suitors, but none to whom she had yet given the whisper of close confidence, but on the very day on which we have presented the reader to her and the various assembled friend between him and those with whom he was negotiating, Mr. Fairman had yet to be won, and Harriet would that man be considered who made the conquest.

Sarah Seaton was less striking than Harriet, in her general appearance, but with more pretensions, possessed an equal share of animation and intelligence with herself. Her figure was smaller, and her figure rather fallen in proportion to its height, but conveying the pleasing effect that it had yet to be won, and Harriet would that man be considered who made the conquest.

Sarah Seaton was less striking than Harriet, in her general appearance, but with more pretensions, possessed an equal share of animation and intelligence with herself. Her figure was smaller, and her figure rather fallen in proportion to its height, but conveying the pleasing effect that it had yet to be won, and Harriet with sweetness and vivacity of countenance her face was oval—her hair auburn—her eyes light, and her complexion fair and fine. Her person's, blending the whiteness of the lily with the redness of the rose. Yet, with all these charms, there was a want of affectation in language, dress, and manner, as of to show that the rich native elements of their character had been deserted by some artificial influences.

Already had these two companions, with Mr. Charlton, arrived in England in the most intimation with those around them, and their gay silvery laugh rang out with a clearness that excited and gave impetus to all around throughout that varied company, composed mostly of those in the morning of their existence. While thus agreeably seated, a name was heard in the hall, at which Mr. Lansing bounded to the entrance, towards which, almost every eye turned, and ushered into the room a gentleman of easy address, fine manly proportions, and handsome appearance, whom he announced as "Count Sydney Sylvester Valmont," to which he added in another tone to some of those nearest to him, "lately from Europe, on his travels through the American continent." Mr. Charlton rose instanter, and approached him with the cordiality and freedom of an intimate friend. They were well acquainted, and this acquaintance was a great help to the Count, who saluted Mr. Charlton with equal familiarity, and into his hands the titled visitor was kindly consigned by the gracious master and lady of the mansion.

"Why, Harriet," said Sarah Seaton, as the Count approached, "as I live, if it is not the very gentleman we spoke of as he passed us yesterday."

"I see it is," said Harriet, with a flushed cheek and a look of concerted abstraction towards the stranger. Her glee seemed for a moment checked, but as recollection came to her aroused, the same giddy freedom and frivolity of remark that had just been interrupted, returned to her.

"Miss Seaton," said Charlton, drawing nigh with the new comer, "Count Valmont is my particular friend. His rank will entitle him to our highest attention and respect."

"I am delighted with the honor of such distinguished company," was the reply.

"Exquisite, indeed! It is—positively," said a low voice, slightly squeaky, proceeding from a slender person a little removed from Miss Seaton's chair, as if talking to itself. This was Mr. Nelson Mottle, a gentleman of extreme fashion in look, taste, dress, manner, and speech, and a little more withal.

"Miss Fairman," continued Charlton, turning next to that young lady, without apparently heeding Mottle, "permit me also to commend to you the most excellent Count Valmont."

"Certainly, sir; for with his permission I delight is full for this evening," said Harriet with a blushing face, and a voice and look not the thoroughly American and embarrassment. The Count confers upon us a greater honor than he receives," continued she.

"I wish that honor was seven-fold, if I would equal the pleasure I am promised in such charming company," answered the Count.

"Oh! say your compliments are very courtly. But we hope you will not permit any indifference to noble persons in this country also, to make you think you could be any more welcomed invidiously among those with whom you find yourself at present."

"Exquisite lady! Fit to be a duchess. She is—positively!" uttered the squeaky voice, talking to itself, in tones so low, however, as to be very audible.

"Assuredly not, Miss," said the Count in answer to Harriet, with a manner the most engaging and winning. "I have no evidence before and around me, that elegance and fashion are not confined to Europe; and, whatever might be the preference for each of both, and the custom of courts, I do not remember to have seen the beauty of the wonderful as they are adorned by those about me."

"Oh, sir!" said Harriet, with playful emphasis, "your flattery is betraying you into heresy. Can there be such? Where the models of elegance and fashion are, that elegance and fashion are confined to Europe, and

ed hour, but to their great surprise were informed that the Czar was then on board his ship, where he awaited their arrival, and was impatient to give them an audience. They were also informed that a boat was in waiting at the ship yard to put them alongside.

The English dignitaries hardly knew what to think of this affair. There were no precedents by which to frame their line of conduct. They were desirous, for many reasons, to have an interview with the Czar, and were great sticklers for etiquette, yet after a hurried consultation, they determined to flatter the whims of the Barbarian monarch, and visit him on board his ship. A couple of burley-looking Dutchmen, in a large and clumsy boat, pulled off the ambassadors, and a portion of their suite. They were received at the gang-way, by a man dressed in the costume of a sailor, who in a rough manner welcomed them on board. Wondering at their singular reception, but supposing it a specimen of Russian manners, they enquired for the Czar, and their consternation was actually ludicrous, when the sailor with a knowing grin, pointed to the main-top, and assured the grave and stately representatives of Albion, that PETERKIN was aloft, where he expected the pleasure of receiving the ambassadors of his friend and brother, the King of England!

The ambassadors were stupified at this arrangement—and gazed at each other with despairing looks, when told that the Hall of Audience of the Russian monarch was the main-top of a sloop of war! They could not conceal their perplexity, and indeed entertained some suspicions that they were the victims of a hoax—but when they were assured that the Czar was actually in the main-top, and wished and expected them to climb the rigging, and introduce themselves to his presence, their hearts failed, their limbs trembled, and they hardly knew what course to adopt.

"What!" said the proud and venerable Earl of Tewksbury, "does the Czar of Russia expect me to climb up those rope-ladders, and play the part of a harlequin at this period of my life! To ascend the crow's nest, in such a way, would not only be highly undignified in a person of my rank, but actually impossible!"

"No," said Sir Nicholas Granger, with a spice of indignation as well as sorrow in his tone, "this is a most unreasonable exaction on the part of the Czar. For my part," continued the knight, taking a survey of his portly proportions, and glancing at the shrouds, "I should as soon think of flying, as of going aloft to the main-top by means of the rigging. No—if I get there, they must hoist me up by pulleys."

Upon further inquiry, they satisfied themselves that they must visit the bear in his den, elevated as it was, or return to England without accomplishing the object of their mission. They hesitated a few moments, uncertain which horn of the dilemma to seize—but Lord Gower, the youngest of the party, who had once been as far as Constantinople in a ship of war, and who therefore boasted of his nautical experience, suggested that there was nothing so very alarming or dangerous in the Czar's request—that it was neither a frolic nor a hoax—but a mark of respect to a great maritime government, to receive her envoys in a noble ship; and that if they should refuse his invitation to go aloft, and hold a personal interview, after having proceeded thus far, the Czar would construe it into an insult, take umbrage, and a war between the two powers of England and Russia must be the inevitable result.

These arguments had due weight, and the other Ambassadors, with sour looks, and an ungracious grunt, at length signified their reluctant assent to the arrangement, and prepared to "go up the rigging," a feat which is somewhat awkward and difficult even to a young and active landsman, and was truly appalling to those venerable and heavy-moulded noblemen. It was an act of devotion to their country and their king, of which we can hardly find a parallel in the pages of history.

They heroically mounted the gunwale, Lord Gower leading the way; and they were also assisted by the rough nautical-looking personage, who received them at the gangway, and who subsequently proved to be the celebrated Le Fort, one of the most faithful and able among the councillors and friends of the Russian monarch. They got up the ratlins, and slowly ascended; panting for breath—and pausing in their career, every few moments. They were gazed at with admiration by the crew and officers on the deck of the ship, who could hardly help cheering them in their arduous undertaking—and after a rather unreasonable time, they reached, breathless with fatigue, the cat-harpings. Here, clinging convulsively to the futtock shrouds, they tarried awhile to recover breath, and consult upon what was next to be done. To climb the futtock shrouds, and pass over the top rim, outside, they with one voice, decided was impossible—when Lord Gower, with a triumphant shout, pointed out the *lubbers' hole*, of which he had often heard, and—the pen is reluctant to record it—these proud representatives of a great kingdom—of a power which aimed to become the sovereign of the seas, were actually so lost to shame and sense of true dignity, as *to crawl into the main-top through the lubbers' hole!* This fact has never been recorded in the naval annals of Great Britain.

Peter was quietly seated on an arm-chest, as, one following another, the Ambassadors entered his presence, actually creeping on their hands and knees! He received them with much grace and dignity—with a grave demeanor, as if nothing extraordinary had taken place—and by the affability of his manners and the charms of his conversation, he soon made them forget the perplexities which they had so recently experienced, and the dangers through which they had passed.

After passing half an hour very pleasantly in the top, the meeting at the suggestion of Peter, was adjourned to the cabin—and the descent from the "bad eminence," which they had attained with so much toil and peril, was accomplished under the direction of the Czar, himself, with much less difficulty than they had anticipated.

Peter subsequently visited England in a plain, unpretending way—and resided for a time at Deptford and devoted himself to the prosecution of his studies in the mechanic arts. Here he became more thoroughly versed in the *theory* of ship building—and soon became a great proficient in the art. He also studied in London, the art of Horology, or of making clocks and watches, which had then attained great perfection in England. Indeed, during his visit to Holland and England, a space of time not exceeding two years, there was hardly any kind of business important to the interests of a kingdom, from the casting of a cannon, to the spinning of a thread, which he did not obtain a practical knowledge—and afterwards attempted, in almost all cases, successfully, to introduce into his own country.

The subsequent events in the life of this extraordinary man—his return to Russia, his wars with Charles XII., of Sweden, his marriage with an obscure Livonian girl, who afterwards proved herself in every way, worthy to be the partner of his throne, his construction of the city of St. Petersburg, and the magnificent port of Cronstadt—the condemnation of his son, Alexis Petrovitz—a blot upon his character which cannot be effaced—his various wars, and victories over the Persian, Turkish, and other powers—and his death in 1725 at the comparatively early age of fifty-three years, will be found all faithfully chronicled in the biographies of this eminent monarch.

His name is embalmed in the memories of the Russians, who regard him, and justly, as the benefactor of his country. In the public museum at St. Petersburg, are deposited many curious and interesting articles, which were once the property of the Czar, and are shown to visitors with a manifestation of respect, which can only be surpassed by the reverence of a Roman Catholic devotee, for the relics of his favorite saint.—*Boston Journal.*

Items of News.

☞ The number of French immigrants into this country is said, by very good authority, to be greater than that from any other European country, Germany and Ireland alone excepted. Louisiana is said to have from 75 000 to 100,000; Missouri 40,000; Michigan 20,000; New York 50,000; and the other States 50,000. This does not include the great number who came to this country from Canada, during the recent rebellion.

☞ The Warsaw Signal informs us that the people of Nauvoo have been stopped from work on the temple, and are now engaged in building a rampart around it, enclosing six acres, fourteen feet high, six thick, and built of solid stone masonry. It is strange how firmly this delusion keeps its hold.

☞ At the Prince George's County Court, last week, a Mrs Manning, a widow lady, sued Mr. John Parker for a breach of promise, laying her damages at $10,000. The jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty," and the lady moved for a new trial. Six eminent counsel engaged in the case.

☞ Dr. Gideon B. Smith, of Baltimore, says that the seventeen year locust will appear this year in the northern part of South Carolina, and a part of North Carolina, bordering upon that State.

☞ The Newport, N. Y., Watchman, says that two sportsmen went to Gardiner's Island a few days since, and killed in thirty-six hours, forty-four wild geese and eight dozen ducks.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 26, 1845.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Sears' Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ Mr. J. R. WELDIN is our Agent for Pittsburg, Allegheny City, &c.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Foreign news of much interest and importance will be found in our columns to-day. We have inserted almost entire the speeches of the Earl of Aberdeen in the Lords, and of Sir R. Peel in the Commons. This course will enable the reader to judge for himself, and is better than giving an abstract, which would after all be but giving our own opinion. In New York the news made very little stir; and the speeches were taken quite as matters of course. The same was the case in this city.

The reader will, before making up his mind, look back to the time when the question of the Boundary was mooted between this country and Great Britain. The two leading political parties in this country, particularly in the State of Maine, in their endeavors to make capital, strove which should talk loudest in fierce resolve. It was well understood that this was, to a good extent, at least, "talk for Buncombe."

Political parties are somewhat similar in all countries. As we have published the speeches of the British Ministers, we call on our intelligent readers to analyze them. At the first blush they would seem to breathe Paixhan bombs—a circumstance of which some of the venders of "Extras" in New York have not failed to avail themselves. The captions to these papers are certainly sufficiently terrific.

When, however, the two speeches, and Sir R. Peel's in particular, are examined, they will be found as full of escapes from a "crisis" as a sieve is full of holes; and our own honest conviction, from the perusal, is, that war, so far from seeming more likely, is much less so than before this simultaneous declaration in the two Houses of Parliament. As we have said a hundred times—war, as a national pastime has gone out of fashion; and it is quite likely to remain unfashionable also. In any event we have no doubt the honor and standing of our country will be maintained; and we have no doubt, too, that it will be done without any war with Great Britain. Nor is there anything, so far, which makes a war with Mexico necessary or probable.

In the course of our editorial career, we have often had occasion to notice the national *benefit of great calamities.* In such a disaster as lately befel Pittsburg, for instance, the reader cannot fail to observe the application of our remark. The best feelings of all sections of our wide republic are instantly called out; and to the suffering city from all directions flow the substantial testimonies of the sympathies of all portions of the republic. Sectional divisions, and temporary rivalries are forgotten; and there is an universal struggle among different parts of the country to outdo each other in generosity. Pittsburg, at the rate that assistance now is tendered, though she can hardly be made pecuniarily whole, will receive such a helping hand toward recovery, that her misfortune will soon cease to be felt, in the energy and enterprise of her citizens.

We are glad to find, as we do by notes and notices from various sections of the country, that the late cold weather is not likely to injure any of the staples. Some of the less hardy fruits will undoubtedly be much diminished, if not cut off; but while there remain plenty of the substantials, we must be content to put up with the loss of some of the delicious superfluities. There is much, however, of our native fruit which is so hardy, and so late in coming forward, that it is beyond the contingencies of late frosts—most varieties of our glorious apples, for instance. This fruit is raised nowhere in such excellence and perfection as in this country; and the inhabitants of the tropics would be glad to give up the fruit which our children like best, for the apples which the same little know-nothings think make good missiles enough to throw at each other.

Our narrow space to-day for "Gossip," precludes the utterance of much if there were occasion for it. As there is not, however, any leading topic that has not been already spoken of in previous numbers, or is not sufficiently discussed in other parts of this paper, we dismiss the reader from this, his "talking to," that he may look over the paper, and find matter for any mood he may happen to be in, gay or sad, light or serious. There is, by the way, a capital lesson for voluble wives upon the last page, in the continuation of Mrs. C.'s Lectures. Husbands will be amused with them at any rate. They come home—alas!—to too many bosoms!

BRAZIL.

It is stated that important despatches have just been received by the Department of State from Mr. Wise, our Minister at Brazil, relating to the recent insult given by that government to himself, our Consul at Rio, and to the commander of our frigate Raritan, who, it will be recollected, had seized upon the slave vessel Porpoise, with her cargo of slaves and specie, but which, from the threats of the Brazilian government, was forced to relinquish.

Mr. Wise requests definite instructions as to the course he is to pursue in his present relations with the Brazilian government. He urges the immediate appearance of a formidable naval force in that quarter, for the protection of our commercial and maritime interests, and the expediency of his withdrawal from that government, inasmuch as he cannot well see how the matter is to be settled amicably and honorably to ourselves, as the insult was gratuitous on the part of the Brazilians, who refuse to apologise, and continue to hold forth fresh menaces to himself, and of course to the government of the United States.

It is said that there has already been a Cabinet meeting upon the subject; that the naval force intended for Mexico will receive instructions for Rio; that Mr. Wise will not return until such time as our government is determined to act with efficiency and force, regarding, as it does, the case as an exceedingly aggravated one.

THE SWALLOW.

No more bodies have been found near the wreck of the Swallow, and one of the persons supposed to be dead, the son of Col. Wakeman, is, we are gratified to state, alive and well.

The Grand Jury of the United States District Court has found an indictment against Wm. Burnett, the pilot. He has been arrested under it, and held to bail in $10,000. The investigation of his case will bring out all the facts of the disaster; and we trust the culpability, if guilt there be, will be fixed where it belongs.

GUANO.

It is said that Sir Humphrey Davy analyzed, and reported in favor of guano, as an excellent manure, forty years ago. But forty years ago, the Press, that great engine of light and knowledge, was comparatively still. Now, that its issues put knowledge into the hands of all, we find new discoveries becoming available almost as soon as announced.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Narrative is to the inculcation of moral truths what a working model is to the description of a machine, or a philosophical experiment to the elucidation of a fact in physics. Things true in science are not appreciable until demonstrated; and the consequences of regarding or disregarding maxims in morals are not properly estimated until proved either by our own experience, or that of other people.

Children have no experience. Nor have they sufficient capacity for observation, application, and generalization to avail themselves of the experience of others. The world is all before them—untempted and untried. Under parental care, they have little moral responsibility; and little opportunity or discretion, to put in practice the instructions which they receive. Their lessons form a store for future, rather than for present use. The motive for doing well and not ill in childhood is to obtain approval and reward, or to escape censure and punishment. We doubt whether the best child in the world ever passed infancy, without looking forward to the time when to be under no control of seniors, would imply the privilege of doing wrong.

To counteract this desire for a jubilee of misdoing, the store of maxims of right, to which we have alluded, is packed by parents in the infant mind. And here it is, that the "working model" of narrative comes into service,—the story of simple events, in natural order, showing the relations of virtue and happiness, of vice and misery. It is in this way that the experience of others is made available to youth who have no experience of their own.

To give them the very best rules without such intelligible examples, would be about as serviceable as it would be respectfully, to inform a lamb that *muriate of soda* is essential to his physical health; and to let the communication of this piece of undoubted truth, stand in the place of practical salt in his fodder. The lamb would undoubtedly understand that scientific direction, as well as a child can an abstract maxim.

We are in one sense always children—for we have always before us something yet to learn. Teaching and learning by example, depicted in history, narrative and fable, are intuitive suggestions, common to all ages and all people, and varying only in the accident of mode, as affected by circumstances, while the principle is ever the same. To write or tell stories for young people—to make them at once agreeable and useful—to clothe them in intelligible language, and still not disgust the young reader by puerility, is an art much more difficult than those who have never attempted it, may imagine. Children are very shrewd critics—and they are, withal, too jealous of their dignity to accept any offering which has a "good enough for a child" appearance.

A great reform has within a few years taken place in the mode of getting up books for the young. Old favorites of our boyhood days are reproduced in elegant editions, teaching habits of neatness, and inculcating correct taste by their getting up and embellishments; and new books which are written for the young fry, are of an order of merit and excellence which may well betray old readers into their perusal.

We have often-times expressed our gratification at this decided change for the better—and it is a theme which is better worthy of congratulation than many which the public occasionally go mad with ecstacy upon. Give us the whole continent for our territory, and unless we have intelligent children and youth coming forward to be its citizens, the republic will be very little the gainer; but with a well educated people a nation must be great, be its geographical limits large or small. Children's books, for recreation are quite as important means of instruction as children's schools.

PITTSBURG.

Gov. Shunk has forwarded $30,000 of the money appropriated by the Legislature to the relief of Pittsburg. On Tuesday week, previous to this and other donations which we are about to mention, the Treasurer of the Pittsburg Relief Fund acknowledged the receipt of $1,608. Among the contributors were Chester Jennings, City Hotel, N. Y., $100; Coleman & Stetson, Astor House, $100; Curtis & Hand, of Philadelphia, $100; the town Council, of Steubenville, have contributed $500. From Washington, Pa., $201, and $215 30 from persons engaged in the public service at the U. S. Arsenal.

In this city, the collections for the assistance of Pittsburg have been liberally going forward. Contributions were taken up in several of the Churches on Sunday last. What amount was taken up in the aggregate we have not heard. In one church, Dr. Tyng's, the sum of $400 was collected.

Friday last was observed as a day of fasting in Pittsburg. The stores generally were closed and the streets were remarkably quiet.

Among other contributions acknowledged by the Mayor, are $250 from the house of J H Brown & Co., of Philadelphia; $500 from Mr. Buchanan, the Secretary of State, and $60 from the workmen of the United States Mint at Philadelphia. Among other contributions here, besides those noticed last week, is one hundred and twenty dollars by the scholars of the High School, $200 by the First City Troop, $30 from the Moyamensing Grammar School, $60 from the Zane Street School, $500 by the Board of Brokers, $43 from Johnson & Co.'s, Stereotypers, $20 from No. 4 of the Sons of Temperance, and the same sum from No. 3 of the Odd Fellows. $66 have been contributed by the boys of the model school. Other like sums and larger have been contributed by corporations, individuals and companies.

In Bristol $200 and over have been raised, and we have no doubt the like liberality has been evinced in other towns. $100 have been contributed by the men in the employ of the Norristown Railroad. The corporation of York, Pa., has voted $500, and a munificent lady of the same place has added the same sum. The citizens of Wheeling, as soon as the news of the fire in Pittsburg reached that place, sent one hundred barrels of flour, and three thousand pounds of bacon to relieve the wants of the sufferers.

In Baltimore, the collections have amounted to $6,403. One gentleman, S. C. Taffany, sent beside, $100.

In New York, Mayor Harper has given the Relief Fund $1,000. The Board of Brokers has given $500, and one individual $500 more. Others have contributed with a like liberality.

In Washington the corporation has voted $1,000.

In Boston, and in other places, movements are making for the same praiseworthy purposes.

HARD CRITICS.

Mr. Donaldson, a singer of English and Irish comic songs, was lately hooted and pelted off the stage of one of the theatres of Lisbon, by the indignant Portuguese critics. In Oporto he had the additional disgrace of being marched out of the theatre (Santa Batharina) under an escort of eight municipal guards and thrown into prison. They thought his singing in bad taste. It must be admitted that a summary way of proceeding was adopted. To treat all public singers who deserve it, in this way, in this country, would give employment to a standing army.

WEBER.

The lovers of Music have an unexpected treat in prospect. The great composer, Weber, at the time of his death was engaged in writing the music of a comic opera, and, among his papers were found the scores of eleven pieces of the work entirely finished. According to the desire of the King of Prussia, M. Meyerbeer has undertaken to finish the opera, which will be brought out at Berlin, under the auspices of his Majesty.

QUITE A CLOAK.

A gentleman in the British navy has invented a cloak, which is capable of being filled with air and used as a boat. An experiment was lately made with one of these at Plymouth, England, in which the party paddled off some miles from the ship, holding an umbrella over his head, and on landing, he put his boat on his back and walked off.

EXTINCTION OF RACES.

We met in a late number of the New York Commercial Advertiser, some very interesting remarks upon the extinction of heathen races, which, we are sure, will please the reader, as much as they pleased us. The best point in them is the placing in a proper and rational light the disappearance of various tribes and kindreds of men; and the disabuse of the mind from the fallacious views which are too apt to take possession of it while on this subject. After quoting the words of prophecy in regard to the extension of Christ's kingdom from sea to sea, and amongst all nations, the article goes on in the following strain of calm reflection and obvious truth.

"What progress has been made toward the fulfilment of these sublime declarations we need not undertake to show; our business is rather with the means employed in their verification. It may be well, however, to remark, in brief, that of 1,000,000,000 which may be taken, in round numbers, as the population of the globe, the Christian religion is now professed by 200,000,000, showing a progress at the rate of more than 11,000,000 in every hundred years, and of nearly 4,000,000 in every generation of mankind.

"But the inference deducible from what has been done is of minor authority when compared with that arising from the causes which are in operation. We see and know that, whether as cause or consequence is not material at present, the Christian nations are everywhere the possessors of power and supremacy—that they are everywhere planting themselves and obtaining dominion—everywhere establishing their Bible and their faith—everywhere the extirpation of idolatry is in progress, with a power to which there can be no effectual resistance.

"There are two modes in which this work may be finally consummated; one, the actual conversion of the heathen races—the other, their extinction, and the multiplication of the Christian races to occupy those portions of the globe now resting in the darkness of paganism.

"It is the opinion of many intelligent men, that the latter is the mode in which the earth will eventually become the habitation only of Christians. They entertain the belief that the white or Caucasian race will at length supplant all the others; and in support of this conclusion, they refer to the red men of this continent, dwindled from a mighty people to a feeble remnant, and already on the verge of extinction. It is but a few centuries since Europeans came among them, and now the descendants of Europeans are counted by millions, while of the Indian tribes some have totally disappeared and others are passing rapidly away. The greater part of South America is peopled at this day by the descendants of the Spaniards and Portuguese; of the once swarming empires of Peru and Mexico, little remains to attest their former greatness, save the ruins of mighty and majestic edifices, which even in their decay, seem to mock at the intellectual and physical weakness of the present native races. In the islands of the Pacific, as has already been observed, it is notorious that the aborigines are fast decreasing; and in short, wherever the white man intrudes upon the possession of the savage, the latter perishes away.

"At first view the idea that this is the operation of a Divine purpose and decree seems to impeach the Divine benevolence; humanity is shocked at the thought that whole races can be doomed to perish, and the very conception strikes harshly upon our feelings. But this is only the effect of an imperfect and erroneous method of looking at the subject. When we speak of extinction, we naturally associate with it the notion of sudden and wide-spreading death; of hundreds and thousands—the old and the young—manhood and youth and infancy—the matron and the blooming maiden, cut off at once, as by some desolating pestilence. But such is not the meaning of gradual extinction. To produce this, only a slight departure is required from the general law, which provides a greater annual number of births than of deaths among communities. We have only to remember that it is appointed unto every one once to die; and that under the gradual operation of this immutable law the eventual extermination of a people is readily and surely effected, merely by not providing a birth to supply the place of every one who dies. It is not in reality an extinction, but a non-continuance; it is simply allowing the law of death to operate in its full force, while the operation of the law of life is suspended, or kept up with diminished vigor. We are not prohibited, therefore, by any fear of underrating the Creator's goodness and mercy, from believing that the universal establishment of Christianity may be effected, in part at least, by the substitution of that race upon which Christianity has bestowed its meliorating influences for those which are yet buried in the darkness of paganism. If these races perish, it is no more than each individual of them must do, and not only of them, but of every other."

MR. HOOD.

We regret to learn from a note in a late number of Hood's Magazine, that the sparklings of the wit of this great master of the English language and of the human heart, no less than of our lighter emotions, are probably about to cease forever. The publishers say:

"We can hardly congratulate our readers on presenting them, this month, with an effigy of Thomas Hood's outward features, instead of that portraiture of his mind, and those traces of his kindly heart, which he has been wont, with his own pen, to draw in these pages. During the last month, his physical strength has completely given way, and almost as much through incapacity of his hand to hold the pen, as of his brain for any length of time to guide it, he has at last been compelled to desist from composition. Those in whom admiration of the writer has induced also a friendly feeling towards the man, will have some consolation in learning that amidst his sufferings, which have been severe, his cheerful philosophy has never failed him; but that on his sick bed, as in his writings, and in his life, he has known how to enlighten the melancholy of those around him, and to mingle laughter with their tears. We have thought it due to our readers and to the public, thus briefly to make known that Mr. Hood is more seriously ill than even he has ever been before; avoiding to express any hopes or forebodings of our own, or to prejudice the uncertain issues of life and death."

UNITED STATES PATENTS.

We learn that the ordinary expenses of the U. S. Patent Office, for the past year, have been twenty-four thousand two hundred and twenty-eight dollars and four cents; to which add, for library and agriculture, two thousand and seventy-five dollars and forty-nine cents. Deduct this from the receipts, and we have a nett balance of six thousand and one hundred and sixty-four dollars and seventy-three cents, to be credited to the patent fund.

The whole number of patents issued by the United States up to January, 1845, was fourteen thousand and twenty-four. Although the number of patents granted the past year was not so great as the year previous, there was an excess of applications to the amount of two hundred and twenty-six.

MEXICO.

Late intelligence from Mexico brings nothing but what every body was prepared to hear—viz: that upon the news of the annexation of Texas all diplomatic intercourse with this country would at once be closed. This we knew before.

A decree was under debate in the Chamber of Deputies, declaring treaties, &c., at an end,—ordering the ports of Mexico to be closed, the use of American manufactures to be forbidden, and no proposition relative to the restoration of friendship to be received, except upon the basis of the relinquishment of Texas by the United States.

TEMPERANCE.

The effects of strict temperance among seafaring men are clearly shown by some statements in the Sailor's Magazine. In 1842, 380 vessels and 602 lives were lost at sea; in 1843, the number lost was 404 vessels and 642 lives. During the year 1844, as far as heard from, only 208 vessels and 105 lives have been lost. This exhibits a great decrease in the destruction of life and property, and is attributed to the increased sobriety of seamen. The mischiefs of intemperance at sea are the worst at the very time when coolness is most needed, the mischievous aid of the false friend is most apt to be invoked.

VALUABLE RELIC.

Among the precious historical relics presented to the Maryland Historical Society, at a late meeting, was the banner of Pulaski's Legion, from Edmund Peale, of the Baltimore Museum. It appears that after the death of Pulaski, this relic, which was attached to a company organized by the brave Count in Baltimore, in 1778, fell into the hands of Captain Bentalou, who, on retiring from the army, took it home with him, and preserved it as a sacred relic for 45 years.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

The new Postmaster General has prepared instructions for Deputy Postmasters, under the new Post Office law, which we are glad to perceive embody an excellent arrangement, which has long been in force in England, for the purpose of small remittances. The limitation of the franking privilege of Postmasters has cut off the usual mode of transmitting subscriptions to newspapers. The following method is therefore substituted, by the Postmaster General, a provision for the transmission of money, much preferable to that now in use.

"Money for newspaper subscriptions not exceeding $10, in each case, may be paid to a Postmaster for the purpose of being paid to the publisher of a newspaper at any other office. The Postmaster is, in such case, to give to the person paying the money, a receipt therefor, and to advise forthwith the Postmaster, who is to pay said amount of such deposite. Upon presentation of this receipt, the amount is to be paid over. The Postmaster receiving the amount is to debit himself therewith in his account, and the Postmaster, paying that amount, is to credit himself therewith in his account of contingent expenses."

Of course, we presume, the receipt would be upon a sheet of letter paper, on which the subscriber will write his note advising the publisher of the purpose to which it is to be applied.

THE ADVANTAGE.

At a recent meeting in Manchester, England, Mr. R. H. Gregg, formerly member of Parliament, enumerated the following among other advantages possessed by the American over English manufacturers of cotton:

"The United States, he said, had every advantage in having the raw material on the spot, and in having to pay no duty, and the cost of freight and insurance of cotton to Boston and other ports at the Atlantic was just half of what it costs to bring it to Liverpool. The entire advantage enjoyed by the American manufacturer, in the matter of freights, insurance and duty, amounted to 13½ per cent., on cotton at 7d. a pound. In the minute, and, he believed, perfectly accurate statement of the Glasgow memorial, it was put much higher on cotton at 3d. a pound, showing an advantage of 25 per cent.; and the other, which cost 2½d. per pound, not less than 36 per cent. to the American manufacturer over the English manufacturer, who had to compete with him. This advantage amounted, in round figures, to 1¼. per pound, on the average of cotton; and adding to that the great advantages which the Americans possessed in their moving power, water power being almost unlimited, and costing 25 per cent. only of what the British steam power costs, and a little further advantage, which they had in the flour for their sizing, it amounted, he said, to a clear advantage of 1d. per pound, on all the cotton consumed, or 10 per cent. on the bulk of the coarse goods and 15 per cent. on coarse yarns."

COMING BACK.

The last report of the London Missionary Society, which expends about £400,000 annually, acknowledges the receipt, during the year, of £78,801 from *contributors at its various missionary stations.* "Cast thy bread upon the waters."

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Queen's Visit to Ireland—Singular Superstition—Notices of the Dead—The Iron Trade—St. Augustine's Monastery—Eruption of a Volcano—Switzerland and Eugene Sue—Local Improvements—Miscellaneous Matters—Theatrica's, &c.—Singular Disappearance—A Joke taken in Earnest.

Bristol, England, March 28, 1845.

It is now pretty well ascertained that the Queen intends to visit Ireland early in the Summer, and I am glad to see that Mr. O'Connell, in his speeches, is anxious to secure for her a warm reception—hearty and enthusiastic. Not so, however, with the Ministers, whom he very politely recommends to be groaned. In looking over a file of Irish papers, I find a very singular instance of superstition—so singular, that it is well calculated to excite surprise in this, the 19th century. It appears, according to a Dublin Police Report, that Mrs. Mary Keating had been accused of theft, threatened and maltreated by Mrs. Read and her sister, on the evidence of one Mrs. Ryan, a kind of sorceress, who said she had proved that Mrs. Keating had stolen articles from Mrs. Read, by the infallible test of the "Bible and Key." Mrs. Ryan was called to explain this process of her mystic art. She came:—

"An old woman clothed in grey,
So furrowed with care,
So haggard her air,
In her eye such a supernatural stare;
That all who espied her,
Immediately shied her,
And strove to get out of her way."

She told her method, by ordeal, thus:—"I get a large Bible, and also a door key, and then I put the wards of the key into the Bible, placed on that portion of it called the 16th chapter of Ruth. The Bible must then be well tied down, and the ring of the key held between the accused and another party. They must then invoke the d—— (Ancient Nicholas)—and after repeating the following words—'*Ruth, I entreat thee not to leave me, nor stop from following after me—where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge—thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God.*' The key in the Bible will then turn to the guilty party." Mary Keating, the complainant, then added that when the words were spoken, the house trembled to the foundation, and that a fishwoman who was present lost the use of her arm! But Mary Keating at the same time admitted that the key turned towards her, although she was innocent. The magistrate, of course, reprimanded the parties and dismissed the complaint—but I thought the anecdote worth preserving, if only to show one of the queer things of the times, and that the world has not yet arrived at millennial intelligence and perfection.

Death has been busy—very busy—and has stricken with his fatal dart, many a bright and shining mark within the last fortnight. Few are more regretted than the Honorable W. Sturges Bourne, who had filled several public stations with ability, and sat in Parliament for more than forty years. He was the author of that celebrated Act for the benefit of the Poor, called "Sturges Bourne's Act." Miss Linwood, the most celebrated worker of pictorial needle-work and tapestry, is also dead. Her best specimens and Scripture pieces, occupied several years each, in elaboration. The distinguished surgeon, Mr. Auchmuty, who was first brought into notice from having amputated Lord Nelson's arm at the Battle of the Nile, is no more. Alexander Blackwood, of Blackwood's Magazine, has written his last in this world. The sister of Major Andre, known in American history, died last week, aged 93; and in the obituaries may also be noticed Lord Wynford, Gen. Sir T. Saumarez, Admiral Carpenter, Drummond Hay, Generals Reeve, Corsel is and Sir Charles Wale. Likewise Mr. Ellis, of Barming, the largest hop-grower in the world, and justly eminent as an agriculturist. Peace be with the ashes of all.

Public attention has been much attracted to the iron trade and manufactures of late, owing to the very extraordinary advance on that article, and the equally extraordinary demand for railroads in almost every nation on the globe. The iron-masters of England, Wales and Scotland, already the richest of men, certainly levy taxes on mankind at their will—for they meet together, and every quarter agree upon what the price of iron is to be for the ensuing quarter. Thus, nearly every quarter, for the last two years, bar iron has been raised by their Iron and Iron-Hearted Majesties, 10 per cent., and in one instance 20; and now it is actually more than double the price it was two years ago—nay, in one or two kinds, treble. How true in their case, is the remark of a political economist, that "one iron mine is worth six gold mines!" By the way, speaking of iron, much surprise is expressed here that so much railroad iron should have been sent to the United States. We are well aware that you have noble, nay, inexhaustible iron regions and mines in Pennsylvania and other States. Why do you not work them sufficiently to supply yourselves, at least! It really requires but little enterprise, and railroad iron is a thing of very simple form and make. Were your mines in England, they would produce millions of pounds per annum, and employ thousands of men, all of whom would be well paid—for in this country, the iron-workers get capital wages. I believe I explained to you some time since, that houses, staircases, &c., are now commonly made of this valuable metal. Is not the hint worthy the consideration and adoption of your iron-masters?

The lovers of antiquity will be pleased to learn, that the ruins of the monastery of St. Austin, in Kent, and the scene of the early labors of that Saint and his co-missionaries, who were sent over from Rome to convert the people of England to Christianity, A. D. 596, are now in process of complete restoration, at the expense of A. B. Hope, Esq., the liberal proprietor of the ancient domain. The old Monastery, when completed, will be fitted up as a College for the education of Missionaries in the principles of the Church of England, and which Missionaries are to be sent to preach the Gospel in foreign parts:—

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
To India's coral strand."

Surely nothing could be more appropriate than the devotion of such an estate and building to so noble and worthy a purpose. £16,000 have already been subscribed to forward this laudable object—Mr. Hope himself being by far the largest contributor. Any sum of money in reason, that may be required, will be raised with facility.

There has been a great eruption of the volcano "Schemakha," on the Black Sea, and four new craters formed, each of which poured down a flood of molten lava. The face of the country near has been much changed by the tremendous phenomenon, but the population being thin, only a few lives were lost.

Switzerland is in a state of revolutionary ferment, and the popular feeling there is said to have been much exacerbated by the writings of Eugene Sue against the Jesuits, in his "Wandering Jew." The rights and the wrongs of the matter will be found in the newspapers.

I am glad to inform you that in every large town in England, libraries, public walks, Athenæums, Lecture Rooms, Public Baths, &c. &c., are more or less in progress for the benefit of the industrious poor. There is quite a laudable mania in these matters, showing that we live in an age of improvement.

I see it stated that our Premier has about £1,000,000 embarked in trade. I regret to observe that the consumption of ardent spirits is on the increase in Ireland. According to the Excise returns, the increase in 1844, was 904,654 gallons over the consumption of the preceding year. Six lives were lost by the upsetting of a canal boat near Dublin, a few days ago. At Dingle, last week, the wife and two children of Mr. Lynch, were accidentally burnt to death. That ancient pile and receptacle of misery, so well known to novel-readers, as well as to debtors and creditors, called the Fleet Prison of London, is about to be pulled down.

A new opera-dancer, from Denmark, named Lucile Grahn, has made her debut in London with success; and a new Spanish danseuse, La Nina, is coming out, together with a new *prima donna*, one Signorina Rossi Caccia. Foreign mimes, mountebanks, players, singers, fiddlers, and dancers, are among the foolish favorites of fashion.—The weakness is quite a John Bullism. But remember, in so speaking, I do not include your American actors and actresses, and they are deemed here much the same as natives, and so received. I only mean to say that we are too apt to patronize French and Italian *artistes*, in preference to those of English race and language. It is a national folly.

The rage for building, in all parts of the kingdom has caused an advance of 30 per cent in bricks. New factories are consuming an enormous number.

A curious fashion has sprung up in the Church—that of young females wearing a peculiar kind of cap and dress, at the ceremony of their confirmation.

A sanguinary duel has taken place in the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris, between two editors, one of the Paris Globe, and the other of the Presse. The latter was shot dead at the first fire.

An odd occurrence took place on the 14th, at Aspeden, while the family of Mr. Woodward were sitting round their fire. In an instant, the fire-place, and a long chimney, disappeared—to the great terror, alarm and wonder of all present. On examination, it appeared that the structure had been built over a large, deep, and ancient well, the top of which had given way, and the snug fire-side sunk as if by magic, far into the bowels of the earth.—Fortunately, no one was injured.

Messrs. W. Heaton and John Carl, are to be tried for Manslaughter, for having sold negligently, poison, for arrow-root, at Blackburn, in consequence of which error, a lady died. A few such examples will do good.

A curious incident occurred about a fortnight ago, at Glodwick. The Treasurer of the Society of Odd Fellows, counted out fourteen sovereigns to balance his accounts, on a table, before two of the members, one of whom, named John Walfenden, a spinner, said:

"If I had such a sum of money as that, I would be off to America."

"Well? take it and go, Jack," said the Treasurer.

"And here," said his other friend—"is an umbrella to keep the rain off on your voyage."

"Thank you," said Walfenden, taking up the sovereigns and umbrella, with which he walked off.

The Treasurer and his friend waited, and waited, and waited till midnight, for his return, naturally deeming the whole affair a joke. It proved an expensive joke, however, for Walfenden went home, packed up a bundle, and took a train of cars to Liverpool; from which port he started to seek his fortune in America.

Local Intelligence.

FRIENDS' MEETING.

The Yearly Meetings of the Religious Society of Friends in Pennsylvania, (Old School) commenced in the Arch Street Meeting House, Philadelphia, on Second day last; and the Yearly Meeting of the same sect (New School) will be held in the meeting-house, Cherry Street, commencing on Second day, the 12th of the 5th month.

MR. MURDOCH.

We are gratified to state that Mr. Murdoch has decided to visit his native city, and deliver here a course of elocutionary readings. No man could be more welcome.

A GOOD MOVE.—Mr. Glenat, the omnibus proprietor, is about to place in each of his coaches, a box under the lock of the Postmaster, in which letters may be placed at any time during the day, and transmitted to the Post Office, or messages may be sent from one end of the route to the other, each letter, slip, or message, costing for its carriage but two cents. Persons wishing to pay the letter postage have only to enclose letter and pay, in an envelope, directed "P. M."

☞ Since the Southwark Hall was appropriated for the reception of lost children, no less than 138 little ones have been taken there, and restored to their distracted parents. The average age of the lost ones is about three and a half years. Many lived in the upper part of Kensington and Spring Garden, and strange as it may appear, scarcely one half the number resided within the bounds of the District.

☞ Zephos, the negro, convicted of the murder of Cuffee Todd, was hanged in the Moyamensing Prison, on Friday week, pursuant to his sentence.

☞ The Bank of North America has had its capital restored to one million of dollars, and the shares to $400, by an act of the last Legislature.

RIOTS AND MURDER.

We are pained to state that this city has been again the scene of riot and murder. On Saturday evening about ten o'clock a difficulty sprung up between a couple of young men who were passing the corner of Broad and Fitzwater streets, Moyamensing, with two female friends, and a number of others who collected or resided in a cellar on the corner. An insult was given by the latter to the former. Some stones were thrown at the building, and quite a serious riot commenced. One of the party in the cellar came up the steps and fired a pistol. The ball took effect, not upon either of the original combatants, but upon John Burns, the brother of one of them, who had just joined them. He had no part in the previous fray. In consequence of his wound he died on the day following.

An immense crowd immediately collected, and the house was surrounded, but the violence of the multitude was prevented by the police, who immediately entered the house, and arrested five persons; one of whom was found in a bed with his clothes on, and another in the chimney. They were committed by Alderman McClain for the night, and all remain still in custody. Two, Patrick Reagan and Archibald Mulholland have been fully committed for trial. Much excitement continued during Sunday, and on part of Monday, in the neighborhood, and all sorts of exaggerated rumors were current.

John Burns, the deceased, was a native of Ireland, as were, we believe, the most, or all of the persons in the house. He was a member of the Franklin Hose Company, which, with the Franklin Engine, and a large party of friends, attended his funeral obsequies on Tuesday. The Coroner, on Monday, returned a verdict, after a rigid examination, in accordance with the facts which we have given above.

Several firemen's fights took place on Sunday, of a most brutal and savage character. Clubs, stones, spanners, and other destructive missiles and instruments, were freely used, and the city and county was kept in a sad turmoil. The Weccacoe (Southwark) and the Moyamensing Hose, or persons said to belong to those companies, were the belligerents. On Monday evening the same brutal scenes were repeated, between the same parties; once at the corner of Fifth and South, and once in Callowhill, near Old York Road.

The Police of Southwark, and we believe other districts, have taken measures to arrest the danger of renewed outbreaks, and it becomes all good citizens to second the authorities, and discourage all steps which may lead to danger of riots.

Personal News.

WILLIAM WINFIELD.

The editor of the Berks and Schuylkill Journal requests his contemporaries in Philadelphia and Lycoming Counties to make inquiry as to the whereabouts of William Winfield, an old soldier, about 60 years of age, who has been thirty years in the United States service, and received an honorable discharge from K. Company, 4th Infantry, then stationed at Jefferson Barracks about a year ago. A letter has been received from the orderly of the above named company, by the Postmaster of Reading, which speaks of certain claims whereby considerable property will accrue to said Winfield, if he can be found, and further states that he has been frequently heard to speak of Reading as his home, and it is believed he has friends residing in this place and also in Lycoming county, Pa., where he has been heard to say he resided in early life, and which may possibly be his native place. It is thought by his compatriots that if Winfield is still living, he must be in a very destitute condition, and much anxiety is expressed on their part that the old soldier should be found, and his remaining days made comfortable and easy. Information may be addressed to the Postmaster of Reading. We take pleasure in furthering the inquiry, and hope it may result successfully for the veteran.

☞ In New York on Friday evening of last week, the Rev. E. Taylor Bagge was ordained as Pastor of the Madison Street Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. Mr. Rockwood, of that city, as an Evangelist. The Rev. Mr. Norton delivered an excellent discourse on the occasion, from the words, "Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ."

☞ The Governor has appointed Thomas Brown, Notary Public for the city of Lancaster, and William G. Hawkins, Associate Judge of the county of Allegheny, in the room of John Anderson, who declined accepting the office on account of his losses during the conflagration at Pittsburg, Pa.

☞ The Maryland Historical Society have resolved to publish the Journal kept by the Hon. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, on his journey to Canada, in 1776, as one of the Commissioners from Congress. This will be an exceedingly valuable addition to our historical treasures.

GEN. JACKSON.—Information has been received in New York from the Hermitage, that on the 11th inst., Gen. Jackson was prostrated by a severe attack of his disease. To use his own words—"I am wasting away like a taper—but this morning I lay at the last gasp."

☞ Hon. Samuel Williston, of Easthampton, Mass., has secured to the trustees of Amherst College, the sum of Twenty Thousand Dollars, to be vested in a permanent fund, to be applied to the endowment of the Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory in said College.

☞ The number of visitors daily to the President now averages about two hundred. During the first week after the inauguration, the number of visitors to the White House and the Departments was not less than one hundred thousand.

☞ The Waterford Chronicle announces the death of Regina Marie Roche, the celebrated authoress of that admirable old-fashioned novel "*The Children of the Abbey.*" She died at her residence in Ireland at the advanced age of eighty-one.

☞ Among the passengers who came over in the Western, was our countryman Inman, the artist. Returned from an European tour, with his capacity for observation, and his fine taste, he will be one of the few whom travel improves.

☞ A colored woman named Catharine Freebody, who died at Hartford, Ct., on the 6th inst., left $100 each to four religious societies, $200 to another, and $1,000 to the African Society of Hartford, for the support of the ministry.

☞ Mr. Hugh West, a patriot of the Revolution, died a few days since in Warren, Pa. He was aged 72 years, and was a private in the 21 Regiment of Artillerists, and belonged to the company commanded by Capt. Nathan Towson.

☞ The Hon. James Shields, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Illinois, has been appointed Commissioner of the General Land Office, and commenced the performance of his duties at Washington, on Friday week.

☞ The American Bible Society have appointed Rev. Dr. Codman, of Dorchester, and Rev. Dr. Sharp, of Boston, to attend the anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London, in May next.

☞ Rev. Mr. Henshaw, a minister in the Episcopal Church, in attempting a few days since to cross a stream near Columbus, Miss., which was much swollen by recent rains, was accidentally drowned.

☞ Amzi Armstrong, Esq., a distinguished member of the New Jersey bar, died a few days since at Petersburg, Va., where he had been sojourning during the winter for the benefit of his health.

☞ The Rev. Doctor Breckenridge has accepted the Presidency of Jefferson College, at Cannonsburg, Pa.

☞ The sister of Major Andre recently died in England at the advanced age of ninety-one years.

☞ Nicholas S. Gordon, whose trial at Providence, R. I., for the murder of Amasa Sprague, resulted in the disagreement of the Jury, has been admitted to bail in the sum of $10,000, and is at large.

☞ Mr. Thompson, of Mississippi, who was appointed by Gov. Brown to fill the vacancy in the Senate of the United States, occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Walker, has declined the office.

☞ M. Arago is said to have won a considerable sum on a bet that the Seine, at Paris, would be frozen over on the 6th of March. It was frozen hard enough to bear a carriage.

☞ A New York paper states that quite a windfall has come to Fanny Wright. An uncle in Scotland has recently died and left her a property worth £100,000.

☞ Rev. Joseph P. Thompson was installed Pastor of the New York Tabernacle last week. Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, delivered the sermon.

☞ One of King Joseph's executors, Mr. Maillers, has arrived in this country to examine the Bonaparte estate at Bordentown, New Jersey.

☞ Gen. Santa Ana has ordered his agents in Mexico to place all his property under the protection of the British Flag.

☞ Gen. Samuel Milroy has been appointed Indian Agent in Indiana, in place of Gen. Hamilton, resigned.

Fires.

ANOTHER GREAT FIRE.

We regret to learn that on Sunday, the 13th inst., nearly half of the town of London, in Canada West, was consumed. The fire broke out in the "Robinson Hall" Hotel, about noon, while most of the inhabitants were attending divine service, and before it could be subdued, reduced to ashes four squares and portions of three others, covering an area of about thirty acres of ground. Nearly one hundred houses were burned, and the loss is stated at £50 000. The principal losers are Hyndman & Marsh, tanners, £5,000 or £6 000, no insurance; Mathieson & Mitchie, grocers, £5 000, no insurance; Mr. Morrell, £3,000 or £4,000, insurance to the amount of £900; Helmes & Co., coach factors, £2,000, no insurance. These gentlemen are most unfortunate, having met a severe loss by fire only a fortnight since, in Hamilton. Dr. Lee lost his house and all his furniture, while he, in utter ignorance of the loss he was sustaining, was rendering assistance to his neighbors. His loss is about £1,500, no insurance. Legear & Taylor, stage proprietors, have lost £650 in bank bills, which they had just drawn on account of their mail contract.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT MILWAUKIE.—Thirty buildings were destroyed by fire at Milwaukie, on the 6th inst. *Sufferers.*—J. A. Arnold & Co., loss $7 000—insured for $6,000; Winter, $2 500, insured for $2 000; Mabbitt, grocer, $4 000, insured $2,400; J. Kneeland, $8 000; J. F. Rague, $600, no insurance; Bryan & Co. $10,000, insurance $4,000; S. Persis, $600; D. Upman, $3 000, insurance $700; Daggett & Richardson, $4 500, insurance $1 500; J. White, $1,500, no insurance; T. Fitzgerald, $700; the Tremont House, owned by the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Michigan, and occupied by Messrs. Holman & Janes; Messrs. Holman & Janes' loss $4,000, no insurance; the buildings were worth $3,000; Wheeler, loss $3 000, insurance $1,000; Cook, loss $15,000; Exchange (not occupied) loss $3 500, insurance $1,500; Shayer, loss $100; Johnson, $1,000; J. Y. Sanger & Co. $1 500, insurance in Chicago; Cramer & Co. $6,000.

☞ A fire occurred on the 9th inst., at Anderson Court House, S. C., in the store of J. C. Griffin & Co., which destroyed the Post Office, Mr. D. Brown's dwelling house and store, the office of the Anderson Gazette, and Captain Reed's law office, Mr. F. Price's store, Mr. B. F. Crayton's store house; then across the street to Capt. J. B. Benson's hotel and store, consuming his entire block of buildings, stables, cribs, and every combustible material on his lot.

New York City.

PAUPERISM.—The whole number of paupers relieved or supported in the city and county of New York in 1844, as reported by the superintendent, was 58,171, which exceeds by 20 347 that of 1843. The expenses in 1844 were $205,144 01; the expenses in 1843 were $192,909 14; excess in 1844, $12,234 87. The whole number of paupers in the State during the year 1844, exclusive of the city and county of Albany, was 97,961. The aggregate expense of relieving and supporting the above number of paupers, exclusive of the city and county of Albany, was $669,017 80. The total expense in 1843, including Albany, was $592,353 29.

PARDONS BY GOV. WRIGHT.—George Potter, the notorious pickpocket, who made such strenuous efforts to evade the penalty of his crimes, and offered $1,000 to one of the deputy keepers of the city prison to permit his escape, was pardoned by Gov. Wright on the 17th inst., and Honora Shephard, who was deeply involved in passing counterfeit money, was also pardoned by his Excellency.

☞ The fort known as Castle Garden, at New York, has been roofed over and otherwise improved. It will be opened to the public about the second week in May, with Madame Pico and the principal members of the late Italian company now in that city and its neighborhood.

☞ Nearly twelve thousand dollars have been contributed within the last year to the American Board of Missions, by those Presbyterian churches in New York and Brooklyn, which are connected with that association.

☞ The New York Journal of Commerce states, that Amos Kendall, the agent of the proprietor of Morse's Telegraph, has not been able to complete any arrangements for extending it to that city.

☞ The store of Mr. G. Banks, in Catharine street, New York, was broken open on Thursday night week, and robbed of $1,000 worth of dry goods.

☞ It is now ascertained that at least half the robberies in New York are committed by boys under eighteen years of age. The city is full of these idlers.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ Paris is well provided with journals and periodicals. The Journal de la Librairie gives the list of all published in that city. The total amounts to 439. Of these, 428 are French, 6 Polish, 3 English, 1 German, and 1 Spanish. 45 are subject to surety, viz: 44 French journals, and 1 English.

☞ The whole amount of coal over the Pottsville and Reading Railroad till the 17th inst., was 116,177 06 tons. By Canal, 22 949 13; total, 139,127 06 tons. There have been shipped from the Lehigh region 9,269 tons since the opening of the navigation.

☞ The Odd Fellows of St. Louis, are about to build a Hall. It is estimated to cost $12,000, and is intended to be a fine building. The foundation is dug, and the corner stone was to be laid with due form and ceremony, on the 26th of this month.

☞ They are showing the Great Britain steamer at London, at half a crown, (58 cents) a head, and realizing a very handsome sum by it. It is somewhat doubtful whether New Yorkers will see her here this summer.

☞ An elegant hotel to be called the Weddell House is to be erected in Cleveland, Ohio. It will contain from 175 to 200 rooms, and be completed by the 1st of January, 1846. It will be the Astor of the lakes.

☞ The Postmaster General has ordered the offices of the ten travelling agents of the Department and five deputies, to be abolished, and by this movement alone, some $25,000 will be saved.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

☞ Payment—$2 if paid in advance.

☞ Subscriptions are respectfully received from others addressed to the "Saturday Post" at Lancaster, Pa. Postmasters and all persons ordering their letters sent to their former address will please notice their letter is not taken from the Post Office unless the paper is ordered to be stopped and all of the arrears paid up to the time of stopping, and this only is a compliance with the law.

☞ Letters and communications for publication should be addressed to the Editor, and those relative to subscriptions to the Publisher, and must be post paid.

☞ Advertisements not exceeding fifteen lines inserted at $1 per square for three insertions and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Those exceeding fifteen lines will be charged in the same proportion. Liberal deductions to those who advertise by the year.

Remittances always safest by mail. Post Office returned from as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by Messrs Mahlon Kennedy, Jr., and W. P. Cincinnati, T. Gardner, Esq., Madison, Indiana.

JOHN S. MCCLANAHAN, Esq., is our Agent for Kentucky.

JAMES M. STEVENSON and JOHN P. JOHNSON are our Agents for Virginia.

MR. H. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and Southwestern States, and Florida, assisted by James H. Wright, Esq., Natchez, Miss.; W. Wall, Esq., Mobile; *J. S. Hussey, and John Collins.*

THOMAS BARKER is our Travelling Agent for New Jersey.

WILLIAM A. PRICE collects for us in Penn.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent for New Jersey.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilmoth.

Notices of New Works.

THE COLUMBIAN CALCULATOR. *By Alonzo Tichnor, Author of "The Accountant's Assistant," "The Mechanic's and Farmer's Guide," &c. &c.* This is a practical and concise system of arithmetic, adapted to the wants of the people of America in the United States. The copy before us is of the second edition; and we hope the book may reach the forty-second. It is a work of great merit, and will increase and the original investment of the capitalists of our country; and enhance the value of labor. It is an excellent work in lieu of the protectionists in counting money, which present is effected by the use of the "almighty dollar," or as it is sometimes by engravings; and it abounds, from the nature of its subject, in stirring incidents. Mr. Frost has given us a rapid sketch of the early discovery of the Western Hemisphere, and the book will do a great deal towards making the public feel how much it owes to its brave defenders. Mr. Frost has done more than any other man to collect and preserve the memorials of the country in the eye as well as the mind of his countrymen.

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A PHRASE BOOK IN *English and German. By Moritz Krohnke. New York: Greely & McElrath. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* The arrangement of this book, which contains the most common topics of inquiry and conversation, with a literal translation of the German into English, will be found to be eminently serviceable to students of the sounds and accentuation of the German. The author is a native of Germany, and has been a teacher in New York. The work is not of the most complete we ever saw, and evinces the intimate knowledge of the author of the genius and construction of the idiom and construction of the two languages.

THE CHURCHMAN. *New York: Israel Post. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* The second number of this publication, which is a contemporary weekly newspaper, has come to hand. It contains a letter from the "Rev. Orville Wedding" then "The Careless Servant," and then the Fiction Piece; the second being a continued attendant upon homekeeping the third a poem entitled "Sunset," which looking Independence must be inducted, second a letter from the "Rev. ——," one of the ministers of the Church, and a variety by Fanny Forrester, a correspondent and

GODEY'S MAGAZINE AND LADY'S BOOK. The May number has two historical engravings; one from England, entitled "Queen Isabella," the other, "Queen Isabella and her Children." The second an American subject, "The Heroine, with a portrait of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz." Among the reading matter we have articles from Miss Leslie, Mrs. Hale, Miss Gould and other accomplished writers. The Poet Scholar' continued story is well written tale in verse, and altogether the number is a right pleasant one to an afternoon's companion.

THE WORCESTER OR GODLOT *Boston Bradbury & Soden. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* This work by the author of "Peterson's Parlor Tales, forms one of the series of the Cabinet Library. It presents a skeleton, in the shape of a dialogue, sketching in a masterly manner some of the most popular theories, and presenting the "Worcester" as the best of them. We have not had time to read it ourselves, and to give them a third for deeper knowledge. Like the other volumes of the series, it is well worth perusal.

THE PRINCESS OF PERSIA. *Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* This is the first number of a work which, we believe, was reprinted by the Messrs. Zieber, at Mobile, in 1845, and remained a prisoner until May, 1846, nearly two years. It is written in an easy, flowing style; and abounds with interesting and exciting incidents. The writer shows in some places a good appreciation of character, and a good tact at pleasant description. His book is better worth reading than eight in ten of the so called "original novels."

VERONICA; *or the Poor Court of Aurora. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., T. B. Peterson, and Lindsay & Blakiston.* This is a translation from the German of Eschenbier, made by the author of Oralie of Sarnwell. All the works of Eschenbier, that we have seen are interesting, and this is no exception to the others.

Now, or the History of Two Lives. By Geraldine Lindsay Lindsay. This work, forming No. 29 of the Harpers' Library of Select Novels has been received, by *Zieber & Co. T. B. Peterson, and Lindsay & Blakiston.* It is a story of English life, and seems to be well imagined and conducted.

HARPERS' ILLUSTRATED BIBLE. No 34 of this work has been received by Cooperchmeard & Co., by *Zieber & Co.* and by *T. B. Peterson.* It ranges on pages from Genesis to the XCVIIth Psalm, and continues to maintain the excellent character for beautiful execution that we have previously noticed.

THE ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE. Nos. 47 and 48 of this work published by the Messrs. Harpers, received by *Lindsay & Blakiston, by Zieber & Co., and by T. B. Peterson.* It will form when complete, a truly magnificent edition of the works of the immortal bard.

ST PATRICK'S EVE. This is the title of a new story by Lever, one of which has been received by *Zieber & Co.*, published by the Harpers, and for sale in this city by *Zieber & Co., T. B. Peterson, and Lindsay & Blakiston.*

CAMPBELL'S SCOTT. Campbell's serial octavo Scott, in new size and completed, has reached No. 20. The clear, bold type of this publication is a relief to the eyes in the present age of small type and compressed paper.

FLORENCE IN LACUT; or, THE HUSBAND OF A CACIQUE, is the title of a story published by Winchester, and for sale by *Zieber & Co., and T. B. Peterson.* It is by the author of Abel Parsons.

THE LOVE MATCH. No 2 of this clever story, by the author of Valentine Vox, has been received by *Zieber & Co., and by T. B. Peterson.* It promises to be an interesting, as the other number was spirited.

A COURSE OF ENGLISH READING. *By Rev. James Pycroft, B. A. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* This is a cheap and convenient reprint of a natural alike useful and interesting

THE GENTLEMAN OF BLATE *Forrest & Co* have published a new volume of the ingenious and popular tale.

Crimes.

☞ A YAZOO, Miss., paper, of the 8th inst., states that the wife of John B. Hixon having taken refuge in the house of her father, Lewis Jones, a mulatto, armed with a loaded gun, pursued her, and attempted to enter the house of the dwelling by force, Mr. Hixon, at the earnest request of all present, shot him dead on the spot, and immediately repaired to Yazoo and gave himself up to the authorities. He was tried a few days after, and acquitted.

☞ Thornton H. Freeman, the former Postmaster at Carrollton in Missouri, has been found guilty of robbing the mail, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for thirteen years. He has a wife and family in Carroll county, and respectable connexions, who are deeply wounded at his criminal conduct.

☞ Three young men named David D. T. Livingston, Leonard E. Hodgkins, and John T. Delaree, all under 18 years of age, have been arrested in New York, and fully committed for trial, for robbing several different stores; and also for breaking into and plundering the church of the Epiphany, and the Forsyth street Methodist church.

☞ A man named Harry Carroll, convicted of setting fire to the jail of Franklin County, N. C., with a view of effecting his escape, had been sentenced to be hanged on the 24 of May. An appeal to the Supreme Court has been obtained by the prisoner's counsel.

☞ The Post Office at Clinton, Louisiana, was entered on the night of the 1st inst., by some persons, who cut open the Northern mail bag, in which were known to have been sent off the next morning, and rifled them of their contents.

☞ A man named Ambrose Jones was recently convicted in Greenville, S. C., for the murder of his step-brother. It is represented as having been a cold-blooded and horrible tragedy.

☞ The office of the Western and Atlantic Railroad in Georgia, Gen., was entered by some and robbed of scrip, State bonds, and gold to the amount of $2,500.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

SEVEN DAYS LATER.

THE OREGON QUESTION.

By the arrival of the Caledonia at Boston, we have London and Liverpool dates to the 5th of April. The most important article of news is a sketch of the debate in both Houses of the British Parliament in relation to Oregon. In the House of Lords, Lord Aberdeen, (Opposition) introduced the subject of Oregon, asking information as to the state of the question, and whether any communication had passed between the Earl of Aberdeen, in reply, adverted in the answer made by President Tyler, to the request that he had communicated with the last Congress, declined to give that information. Aberdeen said he was bound to say that he thought President Tyler had not taken a correct view of the question. He then spoke of Mr. Polk's inaugural, and proceeded as follows:

The Congress not being sitting, no speech of the kind could be made by the President of the United States without drawing towards it the most serious attention. Nevertheless, he did not possess the importance of an official document, nor one to which any reference could be made in legislative proceedings. I do not undervalue its importance, but it was necessary that it was not quite the character of an address made to the Congress as the foundation of any legislation upon the subject. It was impossible to say that declaration of the late President at the last act of which he was any responsible as far as the negotiation is concerned. The new President had no ministers at the time he made the speech. His administration was not formed. The noble Lord had also referred to the communication Mayney's Ministers and any Government of the United States since the resignation of the late President and his administration. He therefore stated precisely in the position which he stood and the time of his accession to the Presidency, with the exception of such a character as the telegraph had been communicated from the speech pronounced upon his inauguration by the new President. By which it was to be stated, that our position is precisely such as it was before the last speech, with respect to our rights, and the treaty which was made in 1827, remaining or rather continuing in force, which was for ten years. The treaty of 1827 continued that treaty for an indefinite period, but with the proviso that either party might terminate it by a year's notice. The noble Lord inquired from the Government of the United States or her Majesty's Government, whether they intended to terminate that treaty of 1827 by giving a year's notice? For the purpose, which however, the President had not said means to give, but if he does mean it, he cannot effect it without the vote of the Senate. He was not choosing him to do so; the Congress will not meet unless especially called together until the month of December, and even then the treaty should not be ended. It is a year's notice being given from the time at which the President receives the communication of having given such notice. Your lordships will see, therefore, that in point of time the matter is not so urgent as might be supposed. I need not say that her Majesty's Government will continue to avail themselves of the interregnal period which may exist in the hope of bringing the negotiation, which is still pending, to an amicable conclusion. The negotiation was founded on the principle of an amicable adjustment by the mutual concessions of extreme claim on both sides; and that principle is the only one. My noble friend has by no means expressed any censure of the mode of proceeding that her Majesty's Government have adopted in this matter; at the same time, I have spoken in official and confidential information, and a proclamation of two great concessions of a total character, and that is called "the high tone," although, I am accustomed almost daily to see myself described as pusillanimous, cowardly, mean, dastardly, trucking, base, &c. laugh, I must say that I view these expressions with indifference. I view them, indeed, really with satisfaction, because I know perfectly well what they mean and how they ought to be and are translated. I feel myself, and that those are friendly expressions are translated as applicable to conduct consistent with moderation, discretion, and with common sense, and I therefore feel positively satisfied, when I see such observations. (Loud cheers.) I believe I may conscientiously say that I have never been in a situation which I have the honor unworthily to hold, who felt more ardently desirous than I do to preserve to the country the blessings of peace, or who would more shrink from the making a proposal to maintain it. My lords, I consider war to be the greatest folly, if not the greatest crime of which a country could be guilty, if lightly entered into; and I agree with an honorable friend who said that if proper means were wanting of the deep and thorough perception of human life and human feeling, and find it on the last that war itself was sometimes useful. (Cheers.) It is in that spirit and I can state it in the intelligence of her Majesty's Government to preserve peace if possible, but that peace must be honorable and not be passed: and I say that without attaching any undue weight to questions of honor, for I think, fortunately for this country, that we need not be very sensitive on these matters—that we need not be afraid that we shall lose the reputation at the cannon's mouth' or anywhere else; and that the true principle of action are such as to enable us to look with indifference on that of which some countries might be perhaps more jealous—but our honor is dearly to us, and most of them are not of never neglect, and most assuredly we may own to ourselves and to our posterity to adopt a course of conduct by all our decisions—in all our indications. My lords, from what I have said, your lordships will find that there is a great deal of the deep and thorough perception of human life and human feeling. 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The Earl of Aberdeen, in reply, said that he had taken the course which he had pursued. He was of opinion that, whilst these matters were pending in negotiations between the two Governments it was perfectly right and proper that in stating the right of discussion on subjects calculated to excite popular feeling, unless there was some pressing reason to the contrary. If the noble Lord had thought it right to depart from that course on this occasion, he ought not to have held responsible for the consequences, for it would have been a course that had been withdrawn from the cognizance of those to whom it had been intrusted, and that a popular appeal had been made to the passions of the people. He (the Duke of Wellington) was also highly disconcerted such an appeal. The noble Lord had said, that the Minister of the Crown spoke on such questions as the present under a responsibility to which he (Lord J. Russell) was not liable. That was undoubtedly true, and he should therefore abstain from following the noble Lord through his statement, as he could not do so without implying opinions from the expression of which he ought to abstain. He felt, however, that it was open to him to inform the house of the general state of our negotiations with the United States on this question. In the year 1815, the northern boundary of the possessions of the United States and of Great Britain, westward of the Rocky Mountains, was defined. No agreement was made as to the country beyond the Rocky Mountains; but a convention signed between the two Governments in 1818, which was to continue for ten years, gave a right of joint occupation to the subjects of each country. In 1824, and again in 1826, Mr. Canning made several attempts to come to an amicable arrangement of our respective claims with the American Government. Those attempts eventually failed. At the end of ten years the convention expired. A new convention was framed in 1827, which continued in force for ten years the convention of 1818, with this proviso, that after the convention of 1827 should continue to determine by the lapse of time, but should extend beyond the term of ten years, and should terminate after a year's notice from either party, when the right of both should revive. That was the convention which now affected the territory of the Oregon. Mr. Pakenham, our Minister, had been directed in 1843 to form an amicable arrangement of the claims of the two countries by equitable terms. He read a message of President Tyler, dated the 26 of December, 1843, for the purpose of showing that the President was not equal desire to enter into an amicable arrangement. Nay more, on the 18th of February 1845, about a fortnight before this unanimous address was delivered by President Polk, President Tyler, in reply to an address from the Senate of the United States, asking for information relative to the negotiations pending on this question with England, declared—"I have only to say that, as the negotiations are still pending, that information cannot be given. Considerable progress has been made in the negotiation, which have been carried on in an amicable spirit between the two countries, and I hope that it will be speedily brought to an amicable termination." He (the Duke) could not quote the language of President Tyler respecting the amiable spirit in which the negotiations had been carried on; but he could not confirm his statement as to the progress of the negotiations, as he had no knowledge of an amicable termination. On the 4th of March, 1845, Mr. Polk made his inaugural address as President. Before that time we had received no communication from our diplomatic agent, who had only been able to communicate the message, but had not had time to make any comment on it. The proposal of President Polk had been very recently made, and no diplomatic communication, so far as we knew, had passed between us with it. He thought it highly probable that Mr. Packenham would have communicated with the present Government the negotiations which had been commenced with the last, but he had no information on the subject. He trusted that the negotiations would be renewed. At no very distant period they would know the result of them. He did not despair of their favorable termination, but if the proposals of the British Government should be rejected, and no alternative left to us but to recommend to the United States to which we could accede, he should not, and no doubt they would, feel it to be their duty, on the part of the Government, to take, in language the most temperate, but the most decisive, such steps as might be made. He must, however, express his decided opinion that, while the negotiations were still pending, the President of the United States should, contrary to all usage, have referred to the communications that were preparing, and of them. Such an allusion was not likely to lead to such a result as the friends to the true interests of both countries desired. He regretted not only the allusion, but also the tone and temper in which it was made. As the subject had been brought under discussion, he felt it to be his duty, on the part of the Government, to state

Selected Poetry.

LIFE.

THE FIELD AND THE STRIFE.

BY AUGUSTUS SNODGRASS.

For sad with, or broad as life,
Like the field of serious strife?
Pallor and flush, or calm and strife,
Give it storms nor wonder of grief,
Or the sunshine's golden sheaf,
Death, for death the supreme reaper
Binds them all in the Reaper's band.
Speed him well, who fights for Right,
Pallid is the coward's cheek,
Whose heart is the Reaper's mark,
God's pure hand shall crown them all.

There the wreath, who held in fight,
Pallid is the coward's cheek,
Whose heart is the Reaper's mark,
God's pure hand shall crown them all.

Many seek that Master star,
Many seek that Master star,
But few find it in their way,
Reach that Temple like a star!

THE STRIFE.

On the—some, the young and old,
Reaching to the comfort hold;
Some the blessed Error blind,
Others the Eternal Light find,
Some the Truth, who hold in fight,
Pallid is the coward's cheek,
Whose heart is the Reaper's mark,
God's pure hand shall crown them all.

Many seek that Master star,
But few find it in their way,
Reach that Temple like a star!

Who the flag of Truth unfurled,
Thirsts the Eternal River furled,
And through blessing to the World!

They like Heroes in America,
Bore their Message in the North,
God's pure hand shall crown them all.

Many seek that Master star,
But few find it in their way,
Reach that Temple like a star!

Domestic Happiness

CURTAIN LECTURES.

[We condense our reports of Mrs. Candle's Curtain Lectures. Though somewhat lengthy, they contain so many points in them which are applicable to all parts of the civilized world. Of course your Candle is not to consider the allusions to be intended for him per se.]

MR. CANDLE HAS VENTURED A REMONSTRANCE ON HIS BAD'S BEHALF; COLD MUTTON AND HIS WIVES. MRS. CANDLE EXPRESSES THE COLDEST SHOULDER.

Hemph! I'm sure! Well, I wonder what it will be next! There's nothing proper, ever—nothing at all. Better put somebody else to keep the house, I think! I can't do it now; it seems, I'm only in the way, here; I'd better take the children, and go.

"What am I grumbling about now? It's very well for you to ask that! I'm sure I'd better be out of the world than—there, now, Mr. Candle; there you are, again! I'm not to speak, sir; I'm not even to open my mouth, heaven knows! But you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. You ought to have married a negro slave, and not any respectable woman.

"You're to go about the house like a thunder all the day, and I'm not to say a word. Where do you think pudding is to come from every day? You show a nice example to your children, you do, complaining, and tasting your nose up at a sweet piece of cold mutton, because there's no pudding! You go a nice way to make an extravagant—touch me here because to begin the world with. Do you know what makes meat, or do you not know, my dear, in at the window?

"You take cold mutton! The more shame for you, Mr. Candle. I'm sure you have the stomach of a bird, you have. Why don't you choose to hash the mutton. Its very easy for you to say that! I tried *I* once; what a mess I was in hashing: it's a day's dinner the less, if it's a bit. Yes, I dare say; other people may have puddings with cold mutton. No doubt of it; and other people become bankrupts. But if ever you get into that diatentic, it shall be my fault—no; I'll do my duty as a wife to you. Mr. Candle knows what never leave it in me, that it was my housekeeping that brought you to begging me to pay for the cold lamb meat—ha! I hope you'll never live to want such a piece of cold mutton as we had to-day! And how any! threaten me to go to tavern to dine; but with our present means, not a crumb of pudding do you get from me, no shall have nothing but the cold meat—nothing as I'm a Christian sinner.

"Yes; there you are, throwing those fowls in my face again! I know you mean nothing; hones a pair of fowls; I know it; and wasn't you enough to try to stop me, was out of my week's money! Oh, the selfishness, the shallowness of men! They can go out and throw away pounds upon pounds in a pack of people who laugh at 'em afterwards, but if it's anything wanted for their own houses, and your wives may hunt for it. I wonder you don't blush to name those fowls. Oh, I sure wouldn't be so little for the world, Mr. Candle!

"What are you going to do? Going to get tea? Don't make yourself ridiculous, Mr. Candle; I can't say a word to you like any other wife, but you must threaten to set up for be ashamed of yourself.

"Puddings, indeed! Do you think I'm made of puddings? Didn't you have some while three weeks ago? Besides, is this the time of year for puddings? In all very well if I had money enough allowed me, like any other wife, to keep the house with; but I'm sure I might have preserves like any other woman; now, you know you're not, you're sure, yes Mr. Candle, cruel—if you're an expert in—

"Apples ain't so dear, sure, that they I know what apples are, Mr. Candle, without telling me. But I suppose you want something more than apples for dumplings? I suppose sugar costs something, doesn't it? And that's it. That's how you are, you're always here 'em once a year—every Shrove Tuesday! And what would any moderate, decent man say?

Pancakes, indeed! Pray, Mr. Candle,—no, it's no use my saying five words to me to let you go to sleep; I shan't—pray, do you know the price of eggs just now? There's no use my egg you can trust to under seven and eight a shilling! Well, you only just tell me, then, how many eggs—don't be sweating those up the eggs, at that season, Mr. Candle, unless you call yourself a respectable tradesman. I suppose that's what Mrs. Sandboy's eggs cost as well as I do! Swearing at eggs, indeed! But I'm tired of it, and I can't take how soon it's ended!

"I'm sure I do nothing but work and labor, and trouble to make you comfortable in every thing; and this is how I'm rewarded. I should like to see anybody else put up with as I bother myself, if I was to count—no, I'm sure I'd rather go into the streets, or lay it out in fine feathers myself, I should be better paid for it. The woman was useless for husband and her family is always made a drudge; yes, I'm sure for all true whereve the best time of it.

"What's the use of your lying groaning there, in that way? You can't say a word to me and my tongue, I can tell you. You think I have it all your own way—and you won't, Mr. Candle! I'm sure you're enough to make a deaner, I may say at a wholesome piece of cold mutton, and a piece of fat bacon! I'm ashamed that you are what I been thankful for that minute—no, I'm sure I am. Eh! I don't you're mistaken—I will! Your usage of me, Mr. Candle, is insufferable, and I'll tell you so! I only wish people knew you for what you are—for they don't know you!

"Puddings! And now I suppose I shall hear of nothing but puddings—I do, and I know what I would send in. First, you have a pudding every day on; I know your wants vagance—then you'd go for fish—then I should not wonder if you'd have soup, turtle, to dessert; then you'd go for a dessert; and—oh, I see it all as plain as the nose before me—for me! not while I live! What your wants may be, I may do, I don't know; perhaps she'll be a fine lady; but you shan't be ruined by me, Mr. Candle, that I'm determined. Puddings, indeed! Pretty puddings!

"Exhausted nature," says Candle, "could hold out no longer. Here my wife went to bed.

CANDLE HAS BEEN MADE A MASON—MRS. CANDLE HAS HERSELF AND STRIKES.

"Now, Mr. Candle—Mr. Candle, I say; oh! you can't be asleep already, I know. Now, that I mean is my is this; there's no use in—now at all, in our having any disturbance about last night, and I'm sure I wouldn't for up, Mr. Candle; I shall leave you. Either I shall leave you, or you shall to me—I'm sure to no more morning. I quit the house, I do, Mr. Candle; there's an end of it. Now, Mr. Candle, I'm sure I'm all confidence between men and wife—if a husband's to have secrets and things from all the house. I'm sure I'd tell you anything. You know I would. Well?

"Candle, you're enough to vex a saint! Now, don't you think you're going to sleep; because you're not. Do you suppose I'd ever suffered you to go and be made a Mason, if I didn't suppose I was to know the secret, too? Not that I'm anything to me, I dare say; and that's why I'm determined to know it.

"But I know what it is to you, there can be no doubt. The secret is, in ill-use poor wives—that tyrannical secret too; to make wives slaves, especially your wives. It must be something of the sort, or you wouldn't be ashamed to have it known. What's right and proper secret you can't tell me, I'm sure. To consult to a woman for a man to be a Free Mason, and let his wife know nothing of it. But, poor soul! she's sure to know it somehow—for nice husbands they all make. Yes, yes, a part of the secret is private better of all the world than their own wives and families. I'm sure men have quite enough to care for—that is, if they act properly—to care for them they have as home. They can't have much cares to spare for the world besides.

"And I suppose they call you Brother Candle! A gentle! I reckon indeed! Going and crossing yourself up in an apron like a turkeycock, that's what you look like in it. And I should like to know what the apron's for. There must be something in it, or you'd not especiable, I'm sure. Well, I only wish I was grown for a day or two. I'd soon send it Free Masonry, and all such trumpery, I know.

"Now, come, Candle, don't you think you'll—before you get to pain time? What's it all about. What are you lying laughing there at! Eh! I'm a fool in nothing I hear about you.

"And you're not going to let me know the secret, eh! You can't—I'm sure you're not! Now, Candle, you know its a bad matter to put me in a passion—not that I care about the secret itself; no, I wouldn't give a button for it; but then you will consider, in brief the secret I care about: it's the slight, Mr. Candle; it's the studied insult that a man pays to his wife, when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know. Mr. and wife are—indeed! I should like to know how that can be, when a heart he knows not to keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? He, you wouldn't they stand in the relation of mates. A wife can never answer any action without her knowing it. It is quite thought that if a woman were allowed to answer for what she knows not, she'd be sure to be's got a sect of corner-cupboard in her head—a secret, indeed, in fact, that the wife isn't allowed to rummage!

"Candle, you shan't close your eyes for a week—no, you shan't—unless you tell me some of it. Come, there's a good soul, and there's a love. I'm sure, Candle, I wouldn't refuse you anything—and you know it, or ought to know it by this time, I'm sure. I'm all for secrets! To whom should I think of confiding but to my husband? Now, Candle, I'm sure I'm unable to keep it to myself, and you know it, Now, Candle!

"Was there ever such a man? A man! indeed! A man! yes, Mr. Candle, an idiotic, brutal creature, when you might oblige him, and you won't. I'm sure, since I've stood to your being a Mason; not at all, Candle; I dare say it's a very good thing. I suppose it is necessary—nothing shocked of it that I mean, me. But you'll tell me—you'll tell your own wife, Mr. Candle.

"But I know why; oh, yes, I can tell. The fact is, you're ashamed to let me know what a fine goose you've been made of by 'em. Yes, you're ashamed to tell me what a fine—the father of a child should be ashamed of myself, Candle, indeed!

"And I suppose you'll be going to set your cap for Lodge, very night, now, Lodge, I suppose! Pretty place it must be, where they don't allow women to be present at their own husbands' secrets! Nice sort of—but I'm sure they're both alike, and I'm sure I've no more curiosity than other people, if you didn't want my mind.

"But I trust that all this mummery's about, it's only an excuse to get away from your wives and families, that you may fear and laugh, together, that's all. You may fear and laugh, together, that's all. You may fear and to abuse women—as if they were not human beings as well as men, to be kept from the secret; and nothing else.

"Now, Candle, you must let us quarrel. Yes, I know you're in pain. Still Candle, my love; Candle! Indeed, I can't bear it. Candle!

"I recollect nothing more," says Candle, "for here, thank Providence! I fell asleep."

MR. CANDLE HAS BEEN TO GREENWICH FAIR.

Hem!—So, Mr. Candle. I hope you enjoyed yourself at Greenwich. How do I know you've been at Greenwich? I know it very well, answer all about it, without your telling me, I don't know. I thought there was something in the wind by your manners. I was sure of it, when I got out of the house, to-day. I knew it by the looks of you, though I didn't say anything. I know every look of your face, and all your spectable man, and the father of a family! Going to a fair—and you not even asked my leave your time of life. Yes, and never think of taking your wife with you. Oh, yes; you can go and enjoy yourself out, with *I* don't know who, to go out, and leave me to mope uneasy at home! I dare say. Don't tell me! I hear what a nice companion Mr. Sandboy is—what a good-temperament person. Ha! I only wish you'd seen one of his home, that's all. But so it is with women—all humbugs! All sweet good temper for out-of-doors—their wives never see any of it. Oh dear! I'm sure I wish I never was such a poor woman!

"Now, Candle, I'm not in an ill temper: not at all. I know I used to be a fool when we were first married, and used to be out of temper myself to death when you went out; but I've got over that now. I know you're not to be candles, who are the best thought of. I only wish I could have got over it in time to have—

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"And I, of course, I mustn't want to go out Oh ho! I may stay at home with the cat. You can go and enjoy yourself, and think of nobody but yourself, and I may mope at home, like any other decent man; is a fair. Oh yes, I dare say you'll be back in time, I'm sure, many people don't know you're married. Oh, you're a nice man to be married, I'm sure you. Oh no; anybody but those belonging to you!

"Greenwich Fair, indeed! Yes,—and of course you went up and down the hall, running after every dirty—I'm sure you know I don't tell me; I know what you are when you're out of my sight. Expect Cook will let me forgotten that pink bonnet, do you? No. I hold the children to witness that you've been a woman. It is no matter, sir, if the pink bonnet has been seen in the streets, or lay it out in fine feathers myself, I should be better paid for it. The woman was useless for husband and her family is always made a drudge; yes, I'm sure for all true whereve the best time of it.

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"But I know why; oh, yes, I can tell. The fact is, you're ashamed to let me know what a fine goose you've been made of by 'em. Yes, you're ashamed to tell me what a fine—the father of a child should be ashamed of myself, Candle, indeed!

"And I suppose you'll be going to set your cap for Lodge, very night, now, Lodge, I suppose! Pretty place it must be, where they don't allow women to be present at their own husbands' secrets! Nice sort of—but I'm sure they're both alike, and I'm sure I've no more curiosity than other people, if you didn't want my mind.

"But I trust that all this mummery's about, it's only an excuse to get away from your wives and families, that you may fear and laugh, together, that's all. You may fear and to abuse women—as if they were not human beings as well as men, to be kept from the secret; and nothing else.

"Now, Candle, you must let us quarrel. Yes, I know you're in pain. Still Candle, my love; Candle! Indeed, I can't bear it. Candle!

"I recollect nothing more," says Candle, "for here, thank Providence! I fell asleep."

MR. CANDLE HAS BEEN TO GREENWICH FAIR.

Hem!—So, Mr. Candle. I hope you enjoyed yourself at Greenwich. How do I know you've been at Greenwich? I know it very well, answer all about it, without your telling me, I don't know. I thought there was something in the wind by your manners. I was sure of it, when I got out of the house, to-day. I knew it by the looks of you, though I didn't say anything. I know every look of your face, and all your spectable man, and the father of a family! Going to a fair—and you not even asked my leave your time of life. Yes, and never think of taking your wife with you. Oh, yes; you can go and enjoy yourself out, with *I* don't know who, to go out, and leave me to mope uneasy at home! I dare say. Don't tell me! I hear what a nice companion Mr. Sandboy is—what a good-temperament person. Ha! I only wish you'd seen one of his home, that's all. But so it is with women—all humbugs! All sweet good temper for out-of-doors—their wives never see any of it. Oh dear! I'm sure I wish I never was such a poor woman!

"Now, Candle, I'm not in an ill temper: not at all. I know I used to be a fool when we were first married, and used to be out of temper myself to death when you went out; but I've got over that now. I know you're not to be candles, who are the best thought of. I only wish I could have got over it in time to have—

"And why couldn't you say like a man, Candle, that you were going to Greenwich Fair, instead of telling me you were going to count out? It's no use you're saying that Mr. Sandboy asked you, and that you couldn't help going. You could make your mind up to it, and you know it. I should like to have been behind you, that's all. A man at your time of life—

"And I, of course, I mustn't want to go out Oh ho! I may stay at home with the cat. You can go and enjoy yourself, and think of nobody but yourself, and I may mope at home, like any other decent man; is a fair. Oh yes, I dare say you'll be back in time, I'm sure, many people don't know you're married. Oh, you're a nice man to be married, I'm sure you. Oh no; anybody but those belonging to you!

"Greenwich Fair, indeed! Yes,—and of course you went up and down the hall, running after every dirty—I'm sure you know I don't tell me; I know what you are when you're out of my sight. Expect Cook will let me forgotten that pink bonnet, do you? No. I hold the children to witness that you've been a woman. It is no matter, sir, if the pink bonnet has been seen in the streets, or lay it out in fine feathers myself, I should be better paid for it. The woman was useless for husband and her family is always made a drudge; yes, I'm sure for all true whereve the best time of it.

"What's the use of your lying groaning there, in that way? You can't say a word to me and my tongue, I can tell you. You think I have it all your own way—and you won't, Mr. Candle! I'm sure you're enough to make me a deaner, I may say at a wholesome piece of cold mutton, and a piece of fat bacon! I'm ashamed that you are what I been thankful for that minute—no, I'm sure I am. Eh! I don't you're mistaken—I will! Your usage of me, Mr. Candle, is insufferable, and I'll tell you so! I only wish people knew you for what you are—for they don't know you!

"Puddings! And now I suppose I shall hear of nothing but puddings—I do, and I know what I would send in. First, you have a pudding every day on; I know your wants vagance—then you'd go for fish—then I should not wonder if you'd have soup, turtle, to dessert; then you'd go for a dessert; and—oh, I see it all as plain as the nose before me—for me! not while I live! What your wants may be, I may do, I don't know; perhaps she'll be a fine lady; but you shan't be ruined by me, Mr. Candle, that I'm determined. Puddings, indeed! Pretty puddings!

"Exhausted nature," says Candle, "could hold out no longer. Here my wife went to bed.

CANDLE HAS BEEN MADE A MASON—MRS. CANDLE HAS HERSELF AND STRIKES.

"Now, Mr. Candle—Mr. Candle, I say; oh! you can't be asleep already, I know. Now, that I mean is my is this; there's no use in—now at all, in our having any disturbance about last night, and I'm sure I wouldn't for up, Mr. Candle; I shall leave you. Either I shall leave you, or you shall to me—I'm sure to no more morning. I quit the house, I do, Mr. Candle; there's an end of it. Now, Mr. Candle, I'm sure I'm all confidence between men and wife—if a husband's to have secrets and things from all the house. I'm sure I'd tell you anything. You know I would. Well?

"Candle, you're enough to vex a saint! Now, don't you think you're going to sleep; because you're not. Do you suppose I'd ever suffered you to go and be made a Mason, if I didn't suppose I was to know the secret, too? Not that I'm anything to me, I dare say; and that's why I'm determined to know it.

"But I know what it is to you, there can be no doubt. The secret is, in ill-use poor wives—that tyrannical secret too; to make wives slaves, especially your wives. It must be something of the sort, or you wouldn't be ashamed to have it known. What's right and proper secret you can't tell me, I'm sure. To consult to a woman for a man to be a Free Mason, and let his wife know nothing of it. But, poor soul! she's sure to know it somehow—for nice husbands they all make. Yes, yes, a part of the secret is private better of all the world than their own wives and families. I'm sure men have quite enough to care for—that is, if they act properly—to care for them they have as home. They can't have much cares to spare for the world besides.

"And I suppose they call you Brother Candle! A gentle! I reckon indeed! Going and crossing yourself up in an apron like a turkey-cock, that's what you look like in it. And I should like to know what the apron's for. There must be something in it, or you'd not especiable, I'm sure. Well, I only wish I was grown for a day or two. I'd soon send it Free Masonry, and all such trumpery, I know.

"Now, come, Candle, don't you think you'll—before you get to pain time? What's it all about. What are you lying laughing there at! Eh! I'm a fool in nothing I hear about you.

"And you're not going to let me know the secret, eh! You can't—I'm sure you're not! Now, Candle, you know its a bad matter to put me in a passion—not that I care about the secret itself; no, I wouldn't give a button for it; but then you will consider, in brief the secret I care about: it's the slight, Mr. Candle; it's the studied insult that a man pays to his wife, when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know. Mr. and wife are—indeed! I should like to know how that can be, when a heart he knows not to keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? He, you wouldn't they stand in the relation of mates. A wife can never answer any action without her knowing it. It is quite thought that if a woman were allowed to answer for what she knows not, she'd be sure to be's got a sect of corner-cupboard in her head—a secret, indeed, in fact, that the wife isn't allowed to rummage!

"Candle, you shan't close your eyes for a week—no, you shan't—unless you tell me some of it. Come, there's a good soul, and there's a love. I'm sure, Candle, I wouldn't refuse you anything—and you know it, or ought to know it by this time, I'm sure. I'm all for secrets! To whom should I think of confiding but to my husband? Now, Candle, I'm sure I'm unable to keep it to myself, and you know it, Now, Candle!

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Punchiana.

PUNCH'S NOY'S MAXIMS.

[We extract the following articles from the late number of our contemporary *Punch*. The first contains a timely hint for our legal readers.]

Every act shall be taken most strictly against him who made it.—This is a very good principle to act upon faithfully carried out; for if it were, the framers of the Poor Law Act would be considerably puzzled to find a pauper, and the individual who made a beano bull for the purpose of getting married would be disappointed. But for nice husbands they all make. Yes, yes, a part of the secret is private better of all the world than their own wives and families. I'm sure men have quite enough to care for—that is, if they act properly—to care for them they have as home. They can't have much cares to spare for the world besides.

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